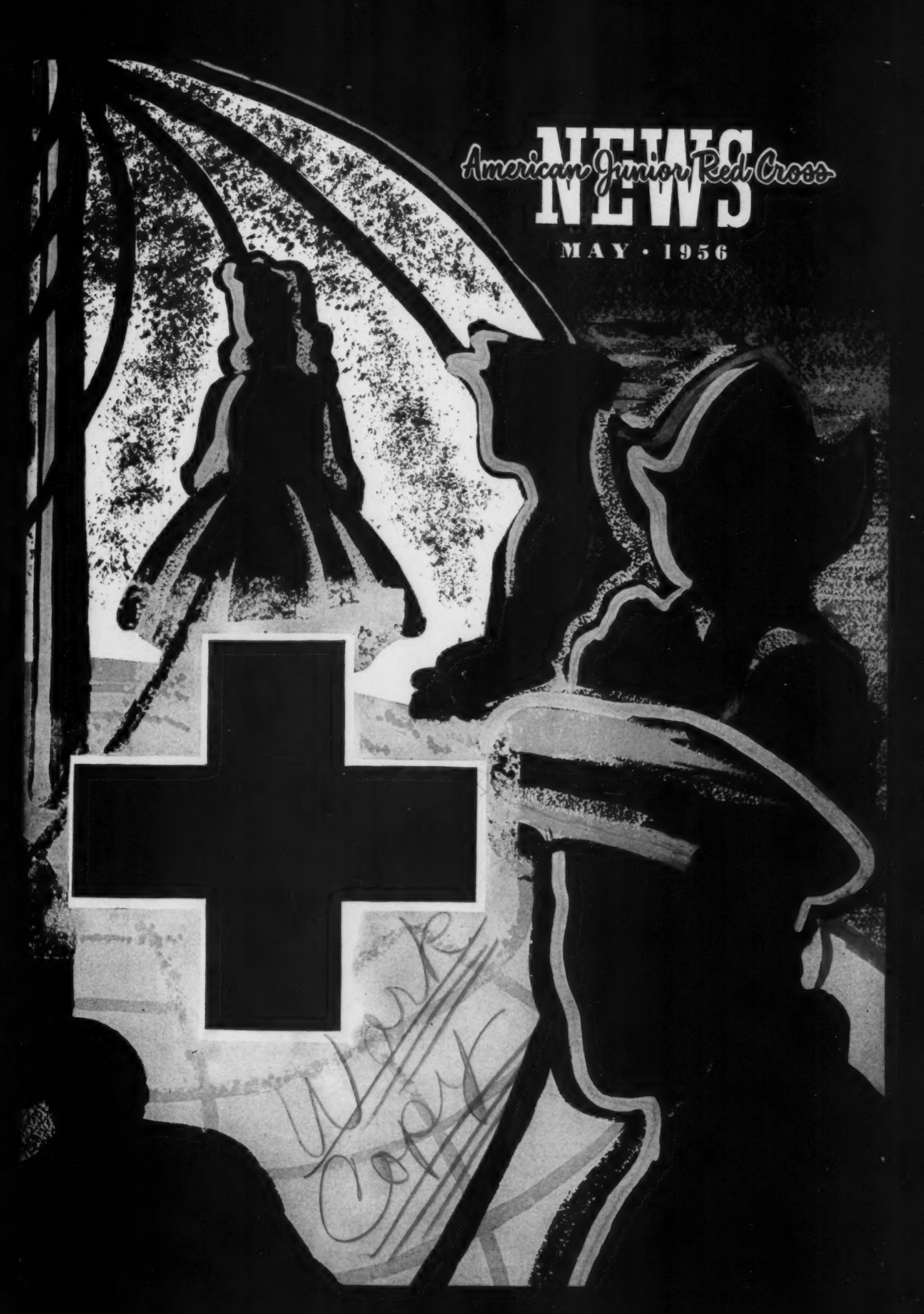


American Junior Red Cross
NEWS

MAY • 1956





CLARA BARTON, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

This picture was taken at about the time
of the founding of the organization.



American Junior Red Cross

VOLUME 37

MAY 1956

NUMBER 7

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Step by Step We Climb

WE ARE PROUD TO SERVE OTHERS

A BIG YEAR

This year of 1956 marks the 75th birthday of the American Red Cross. It was on May 21, 1881, that Clara Barton founded the organization at her home in Washington, D.C.

From its small beginning, the American Red Cross has grown to a membership of over 44 million adults and juniors who work together to help those in need everywhere.

We are proud to dedicate this May NEWS to the American Red Cross on its 75th anniversary.

• • •

"For 75 years the American National Red Cross has served the people of our nation in peace and in war and has assisted the government of the United States in meeting its responsibilities under the international Red Cross treaties.

"These and other essential services continue to make an indispensable contribution to the welfare of the American people, and to demonstrate to the world the determination of each of us to give voluntary assistance to our neighbors."

—DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

President of the United States of America

OUR ANNIVERSARY COVER



Margo Hoess, JRC member in Arts High School, Newark, New Jersey, made the design selected for the NEWS this month. Margo's drawing shows a new day of peace and hope shining from the light of the Red Cross emblem to the peoples of the world.

Margo writes: "I feel highly honored to have my cover design used on the May NEWS. This distinction is also important to my school.

"Since I entered Arts High School, I have held the office of president of the JRC council, secretary of the city-wide council, and this year I am JRC representative on the student council. I attended the Hood College (Maryland) training center in 1953."

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



Birthplace of Clara Barton, North Oxford, Mass.



*Photo Library
(3 titles in
this issue)
2500*

Clara Barton

and the **AMERICAN RED CROSS**

By **FRANCES CARPENTER**

A favorite writer of children's books, such as "Tales of a Korean Grandmother," "Wonder Tales of Horses and Heroes," and "Wonder Tales of Dogs and Cats."

THE STORY OF Clara Barton is full of surprises. It is the story of a very shy child who grew up to be as bold as a lion. It tells of amazing adventures of a frail little woman whose heart was so big it could take in the whole world.

Clarissa Harlowe Barton was born in Oxford, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day in the year 1821. Perhaps it was because she was so much younger than her four brothers and sisters, that she was so timid. Perhaps it was partly because she was so much smaller than the other children in her class, that she was

too frightened to recite her lessons in school. Little Clara suffered so from her shyness that for years her family had to teach her in her own home.

Clara herself has said that, as a child, she was often afraid. She would run from the old ram on her father's New England farm. She would cry when the thunder roared and the lightning flashed.

This explains why her neighbors at home found it hard to believe the tales that were told of her in the first years of our Civil War.

"Wonder of wonders!" they said to each

other, "Clara Barton has gone to war! Clara Barton is nursing the wounded in the very midst of the fighting! They call her 'The Angel of the Battlefields.'"

Clara Barton's brother David was surely not so surprised. He knew that, for all her shyness, his little sister had courage. He never forgot how quickly she learned to ride the half-tamed young colts over the meadows of the Barton farm.

"Hold tight to his mane, little sister," David warned the 5-year-old child when he first set her upon the bare back of a colt.

"I'll hold tight," Clara cried, and she laughed loud with joy when the colt trotted along, his reins safely held in her big brother's hand.

David must surely have thought of those rides when he heard how his sister, on some strange soldier's horse, had galloped to safety before blazing guns.

The neighbors were not at all surprised, however, that Clara Barton was nursing those wounded men.

"Clara never could stand to see anyone in trouble," they remembered. "If it was a dog, or a sick neighbor, she was there to help. And her own brother, David! She was only 11 when he fell off that barn roof. But she would not leave his bedside. She nursed him herself all through the 2 years it took him to get well."

The truly exciting adventures of Clara Barton began when she was nearly 40 years of age. She then was at work in the U.S. Patent Office in Washington.

Stories of the troubles of the wounded soldiers on the battlefields touched her loving heart. Often, it was reported, for the lack of simple care the men died before they could be taken back to a hospital. Often there were not enough bandages, medicines, or even food at the front.

"The good people of this country will be glad to help, if they only know how," Clara Barton declared. And she herself sent out appeals for bandage cloth, for food, and for other much-needed supplies.

Clara Barton was right. People were glad to help. Boxes and bundles soon filled the storerooms she rented in downtown Washington. There she kept them until she could send them on wagons and boats to the scenes of the fighting.

But even when her supplies were on their way, this wise woman was not satisfied.

"Will they reach the places where they are most needed?" she asked herself. "Who will give them out to the wounded men? Do the Army hospital nurses have the time? Perhaps I should go with them."

"Let me go myself to the battlefields along with my supplies," Clara Barton begged the important generals in Washington. "I am the daughter of a soldier. I do not fear cannon fire."

This did not sound much like the timid little Clarissa. All her fears were forgotten in her great care for others. And she had made



ARC Photo

Clara Barton's home at Glen Echo, Maryland, a few miles outside of Washington, D.C. This is the room in which she died.

her plans so wisely that the generals finally gave her the passes and the wagons she asked for.

War in those times was not much like the great wars of today. No bombs were dropping down out of the sky. Compared with the guns now in use, the cannon did not really shoot very far.

(Continued)

Washington ladies often rode in their fine carriages to the Virginia hills. They seemed to enjoy watching the fighting. It was almost as if this war was only a game or a play.

Clara Barton went to the battlefields not for watching but for working. In her simple dark dress, she ran from one wounded man to another. In the rain and the cold, she put on their bandages. She fed those who were hungry. She took messages for their beloved families at home. When at last she had a rest, she would lie down on the damp ground, or upon a hard army cot.

"The Adventure of the Missing Men" might have been the title of the story of Clara Barton's unselfish work just after the Civil War. In scattered prisons, she herself discovered thousands of soldiers who were thought to have been lost. She located the graves of many thousands of others who had died, bravely fighting.

The good which Clara Barton did during that war can never be fully told. Most important for us today, it showed other Americans how those who may not actually fight, can still help win a war.

Her work for her countrymen left Clara Barton worn-out and ill. But even in Europe, where she went to recover her health, she did not rest. There, too, she found war. And there she opened her heart to the suffering soldiers of other lands.

In Switzerland, this American woman was sought out by the officers of the young International Society of the Red Cross. Her fame had crossed the ocean before her, and they wanted her help. It was during her talks with them that Clara Barton's great dream was born.

"How much better than one woman working alone, would be thousands upon thousands of men and women working together under this shining white flag with its Red Cross of Mercy!" she said to herself. "Indeed, there must be a Society of the Red Cross in my own land."

At home once again, Clara Barton discovered that soldiers were not the only ones

who needed the help of her newly-organized Red Cross. She pitched her tent amid poor people whose homes had been destroyed by vast forest fires. She set it up on lands flooded by raging rivers. News of hurricanes or tornadoes or widespread disease quickly brought Clara Barton and her helpers to the places of the disaster.

Above her brown tent, there now flew two flags—the red, white, and blue Stars and Stripes, and the white and red banner of the Red Cross. With the American people behind her, and with her Red Cross workers at her side, no task was too big for her to undertake.

Shining medals, bright with jewels, were bestowed upon this great woman. Rulers of other lands, as well as her own government, showered such honors upon her. But the brooch which she always wore at her throat was her simple white pin with its little Red Cross in the center.

The story of Clara Barton is the story of the American Red Cross. She was its founder and its leader for some 23 years. Her unselfish devotion to people in trouble is still its guiding star.

Like many another great good that has come to our country, our Red Cross of today grew out of the dream of just one little person. It stands as a shining example of a surprising truth. Even an ordinary person, like you or me, can sometimes make a fine dream come true, if he cares enough.

THE END



U.S. stamp of 1948, picturing Clara Barton, is the second of three such commemoratives honoring the American Red Cross.

CLARA BARTON

BY ROSEMARY AND
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Brave Clara Barton
Stood beside her door,
And watched young soldiers
March away to war.

"The flags are very fine," she said.
"The drums and trumpets thrilling.
But what about the wounds
When the guns start killing?"

Clara Barton went to work
To help keep men alive,
And never got a moment's rest
Till eighteen-sixty-five

She washed and she bandaged,
She shooed away the flies,
She hurried in nurses,
She begged for supplies.

She cared for the wounded
And comforted the dying,
With no time for sleep
And still less for crying.

Clara Barton went abroad
When the war was ended.
Hoping for a little peace
Now that things had mended.

Clara found, as soon
As her foot touched shore,
That she'd come just in time
For the Franco-Prussian War.



After that, her life, for her,
Held but little rest,
With famine in the East
And earthquakes in the West.

Floods, drowning Johnstown,
Hurricanes in Texas,
Fires, out in Michigan,
Things that fright and vex us.

In between the hurry calls,
Never at a loss,
She founded and established
The merciful Red Cross.

Battle, murder, sudden death,
Called for Clara Barton.
No one ever called in vain.
Clara was a Spartan.

(From A Book of Americans, Rinehart
and Co., copyright 1933 by Rosemary
and Stephen Vincent Benet.)

Brandt & Brandt
101 Park Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

TWO NEW BOOKS which you may want to read are: *Clara Barton, Red Cross Pioneer*, by Alberta Powell Graham (Abingdon Press); and *Clara Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross*, by Helen Dore Boylston (Random House).



POKEY'S PANCAKES

BY ODESSA DAVENPORT

Illustrated by
Sidney A. Quinn

BILL AND LINDA thought they were very lucky when their mother and father said they could spend the summer with Uncle Pete in Arizona. They knew they would have fun in Coyote Canyon where Uncle Pete lived in a 2-room cabin near by what Uncle Pete called "A one-hoss gold mine—and I'm the hoss!"

They had been in Coyote Canyon only 2 weeks when they made friends with a little wild burro. Uncle Pete said it hadn't been wild very long or they would never have gotten the shaggy little fellow into the pole corral, just by coaxing him through the gate with a tin pan of leftover pancakes. Some prospector had probably turned him loose the year before.

Bill and Linda called him Pokey because he was so slow.

"You watch out, though," Uncle Pete warned them. "Burros can act terrible slow and stupid, but they can be fast as chain lightning and smart as an Arizona roadrunner when they want to. Don't ever let this one get loose, for if you do you'll likely never catch him again."

Two months went by. Then one hot August morning Bill and Linda asked Uncle Pete if they could ride Pokey to Sandy Wash, in the valley below Coyote Canyon.

"Sure," Uncle Pete said. "Pack yourselves a lunch and don't forget to take along some cold pancakes for Pokey. Watch that he don't get loose. Doubt if you could make it back



"Don't forget to take along some cold pancakes for Pokey," Uncle Pete reminded Bill and Linda.

afoot. Good-bye, kids." He took his pick and walked into the tunnel of his mine.

Bill put a bridle on Pokey and took a rope so he could tie the little burro to a mesquite tree. That way, Pokey could graze on the bunch grass that grew along the banks of Sandy Wash while Bill and Linda looked for pretty stones in the dry creek bed. Linda put their lunch and Pokey's pancakes into a clean flour sack. Bill hung that, and a canvas bag filled with water around Pokey's neck. Both children climbed on the stout little burro's back and headed down the canyon.

When they reached Sandy Wash, Bill hung the coil of rope and the water bag on a mesquite tree. He took off Pokey's bridle so he could eat the bunch grass he liked. Then

Bill turned to get the rope. There was a sudden scurry behind him. Bill whirled. Pokey was galloping off, kicking up his heels.

"Pokey!" Bill shouted. "You come back here!"

But Pokey kept going. Bill snatched up the rope and ran after him. Linda followed as fast as she could.

"We'll never catch Pokey!" she gasped. "Uncle Pete said—Ouch!" she had brushed one hand against a cholla cactus.

Bill came back. He pulled out the tiny, needle-sharp thorns by taking hold of each one between the blade of his pocketknife and a 25-cent piece he had in his pocket. That done, they looked hopefully around for Pokey.

But Pokey was not in sight. Bill's heart sank. "He'll come back," Bill said, not wanting Linda to know how anxious he was. "Pokey wouldn't go off and leave us."

"We-e-ell," Linda answered slowly. "Uncle Pete said—"

"Let's eat our lunch," Bill said hastily. "By the time we finish, Pokey'll be here waiting for his pancakes. You'll see."

They sat down on the bank of Sandy Wash and ate bacon sandwiches, hardboiled eggs, and cookies. The dry creek bed, covered with white sand, was at least 30-feet wide. Uncle Pete had told them that a swift stream ran here for part of the winter, but now it was as dry as the rest of the desert.

They finished eating, and each had a big drink from the canvas water bag. But no Pokey was in sight.

"Let's go look for him," said Linda, a little quaver in her voice.

"We can't do that," said Bill. "We'd get lost. I'm going to put Pokey's pancakes on this flat rock. Maybe he'll smell them and come back."

Linda got the flour sack. Bill spread the pancakes out.

"Now let's look for agates," Bill said resolutely. He had to keep Linda busy so she wouldn't have time to worry.

They sifted the sand of the wash through

their fingers. Bill found a milky white agate. Linda grabbed a pale brown one as it almost slipped through her hand. It grew hotter and hotter. They stopped to take another drink from the water bag and look around for Pokey. But they could not see a little gray burro anywhere.

They went back into the wash again, but soon grew tired looking for agates. The sun shone hot and bright, but against the tops of the not far distant mountains, black clouds began to pile up. When Bill saw them he was glad. If rain fell up there, it might turn cooler soon.

"Let's go over to the other side of the wash

and lie down for a nap. The mesquite tree makes a nice shadow there," Bill suggested. "Pokey'll be back soon. I'm sure he will."

Soon Linda was asleep. But Bill couldn't close his eyes. He was too worried about how they were to get back home.

Suddenly he heard a strange sound—part roar, part hiss. Startled, he looked up the wash. There, about half a block away, he saw a 3-foot wall of muddy water rushing toward him.

There had been a cloudburst in the mountains! Uncle Pete had said it happened sometimes. Bill jumped up, grabbed Linda, and half-dragged her up the bank. They reached

To escape the wall of muddy water rushing toward them, Bill grabbed Linda and half dragged her up the bank.



the top just in time. As the brown flood seethed by, Linda stumbled and fell over a sharp rock.

She sat down, grabbed her leg, and began to cry.

"What is it, Linda?" Bill asked. "Let me see."

She took her hands away and choked back her sobs. There was a 3-inch cut just above her ankle.

Bill jumped up. "I'll get the flour sack and bandage it." Then he remembered. They were on the opposite side of Sandy Wash from where they had left the flour sack. Then a really terrifying thought struck him. They were also on the opposite side of the wash from the pancakes they had hoped would lure Pokey back. Now, even if Pokey returned, they couldn't get to him. Thirty feet of deep, swift-moving water made that impossible and it was going to take a long time for that flood to go down. He turned to Linda.

She was staring at something on the other bank.

"Look! Look!" Linda cried.

Bill did. There was Pokey, slowly eating the pancakes they had left for him.

"Oh!" Linda screamed. "Catch him, Bill!"

"I can't," Bill said. "Even if he would let me, I can't cross Sandy Wash now. That water would throw me off my feet, carry me down stream."

"Oh, Bill!"

Pokey leisurely munched the last pancake, took his time licking up the crumbs. At last he raised his head and looked at them.

Time passed—a long time. Pokey continued to stare at them without moving. The sun sank lower and lower in the west. The water had gone down only about 2 inches. Bill and Linda were in despair.

Then they saw Pokey waggle his long, furry ears. He shook his head . . . and appeared to reach a decision.

He began to plod toward them. Reaching the bank, he stopped, snuffed at the rushing water, jerked his head up and snorted. Then

he advanced another step . . . and another. Slowly he walked into the water, testing each step to make sure of his footing.

Bill and Linda watched, hardly daring to breathe. Would he make it? And if he did, would he let them catch him? Even if they caught him, his bridle was on the other side of the flood . . .

At last Pokey was across. Scrambling up the bank, he came straight to them, nuzzled Linda's shoulder as if he knew she was hurt. He stood quietly while Bill helped Linda up on the little burro's fat, round back. Then Bill climbed on himself.

"The water has gone down a little more, I think," Linda said. "Can Pokey make it across with us riding him?"

"I don't know if he can—or even if he'll try," Bill said.

Pokey stood still. Bill and Linda waited. Presently Pokey began to move slowly toward the wash. Again testing every step, he carried the children safely across, his short, sturdy legs never faltering or slipping. Safely on the other side, Bill took the water bag, the rope and the bridle from the mesquite tree and once more got on Pokey's back.

"Aren't you going to put the bridle on him?" asked Linda.

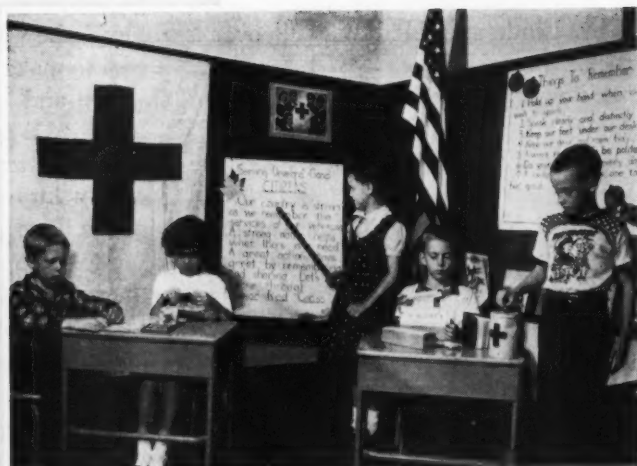
"No," Bill answered. "I don't think Pokey needs to be guided."

And Pokey didn't. He plodded straight ahead to Coyote Canyon. When they reached Uncle Pete's cabin the sun was almost down. Bill helped Linda off Pokey's back, put the bridle, rope and water bottle on the ground. Just then Uncle Pete came out of the tunnel. Pokey kicked up his heels and ran around the cabin three times as fast as he could go. Then he went into the pole corral.

"Hey!" Uncle Pete shouted. "What's got into that Pokey?"

"Chain lightning and lots of sense!" Bill laughed. "Remember, Uncle Pete, you said burros could act slow and stupid most of the time, but they could be fast and smart when they wanted to. And that's sure the truth—about Pokey, anyway."

THE END



TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Fairbanks School pupils say, "Let's share through JRC," as they pack gift boxes.



Photo by Brock
OKINAWA—JRCers in American Dependent School present magazines to patient at Ryukyus Army Hospital.

That's What



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—St. Bridget School pupils make rhythm instruments for patients at Central State Hospital.

Indianapolis Star Magazine

"Said."



ARC photo by Dorothy Kniss Moore

TOKYO, JAPAN—Easter eggs, dyed by Clara Ann McClure, JRCer in Dependent School, bring cheer to patients in Tokyo Army Hospital recreation lounge.



Huntington Advertiser

CEREDO, W. VA.—Charlotte Smith, Red Cross swimming instructor, shows a beginner how to stay afloat in swim class at Dreamland pool.

We're For!

Our Junior Red Cross,
What a wonderful project!
Of course we hope
We'll not forget the object.

This object is to help
Both you and me
Get acquainted with children
Across the blue sea.

Work done by the Red Cross
And its members galore
Is appreciated extremely
By the lonesome and poor.

The Red Cross banners
Waving so high
Always are there
Never to die.

We send fun to the lonesome,
And gifts to the poor,
And always we'll do this
That's what we're for!

By LINDA BASHEER

Colonial Heights Elementary School
Colonial Heights, Virginia
Chesterfield County Chapter

SPARTANBURG, S.C.—Southside School pupils fill in transmittal letter for gift boxes they have filled

268 E. Main St
Spartanburg
S.C.



FRIENDSHIP BALLOONS

By EUGENE N. S. GIRARD
Stuttgart, Germany



ARC photos by Herfurth

ANY BALLOONS TODAY?

—German boys, loaded down like barkers at a carnival, are distributing balloons to students for the launching.

FILL 'ER UP—German students crowd around an attendant to have him inflate their "Friendship Balloons" with gas.



JUNIOR RED CROSS children from two continents joined hands at the little village of Steinenbronn near Stuttgart, Germany, recently to send "Friendship Balloons" to the peoples of Central and Southern Europe.

German children have been launching the small balloons, each with a message of friendship attached, for 5 years as part of their Junior Red Cross program. About 150,000 of the messages were sent out last summer by Junior Red Cross groups throughout Germany.

The balloons are aimed primarily at East Berlin or other Iron Curtain countries where friendship and understanding is so badly

ALL EYES UPWARD—German and American children look skyward as the balloons soar away to other countries.



needed. Many of them do land there. About every fourth balloon brings about a reply, some from as far away as Poland and Russia.

The launching at the Sportplatz in Steinenbronn was the first time the Germans had invited Americans to be their guests. The invitation was extended by children of the Steinenbronn school to American children attending the Boeblingen Elementary School for dependents. Both groups were first through sixth grade students.

About 140 German students and 130 Americans accompanied by their teachers participated in the activity.



Emil Haug, a leader in the German Junior Red Cross, explained the purpose of the balloons to the children.

The youngsters sang folk songs in their native tongue before their teachers told them to split up into pairs—one German and one American—and prepare to launch the balloons.

Getting acquainted was no major problem even though the children spoke different languages. A few "hellos" and "Gruess Gott" fell on deaf ears and questioning faces at first. But it wasn't long before German children were grabbing their American partners by the hand, and vice versa, and walking off in the direction of the gas tank where the balloons were being inflated.

Attached to each balloon was a card giving the name and address of the German child who sent it and a short greeting addressed to "Youth all over the world." Inscribed around the edge of the card were the words "All are brothers," translated in ten different languages. There is a place for the finder to fill in his name and address and return it to the sender.

By the time the last balloon was floated, German and American children had become fast friends by working together toward a common goal—that of sending messages of friendship to boys and girls in other countries.

THE END



ALL SET TO GO—German boy smiles as he is about to release his balloons.

Some Water



This little animal is a fur seal pup, whose home is the Morjovi Rookery, St. Paul Island, Alaska.

DID YOU KNOW that the "circus seal" is not really a seal? The animal that balances a ball on its nose or plays a horn in a circus ring is a sea lion, whose coat of coarse fur has little or no value. On the other hand the Alaska fur seal, to which the sea lion is closely related, has a coat of very fine silky underfur that is protected by long outer guard hairs. The fur coat of the Alaska fur seal, sometimes called the northern fur seal, is of great value. In fact the coat of this water baby is so valuable that each year the United States gets about \$1,500,000 from the sale of the pelts of these sea creatures.

The animal which puts so much money into Uncle Sam's pocket each year spends about 7 months of every year at sea. Then

toward spring all members of the Alaska fur-seal herd head north for the Pribilof Islands, a group of five islands in the Bering Sea. The adult males are the first to reach these islands, whose boulder-strewn beaches and rocky ledges are blanketed by fog from spring until fall. Adult females and older bachelors arrive in June and July. The 2-year-old seals get to the islands in late July.

The way in which the fur seals arrive at the Pribilofs is due to the fact that the males winter at sea nearer the islands than the females. The females go farthest south. The males, known as bulls, vary in age from 9 to 13. As soon as they come ashore they sleep for several days. When a male is rested he selects a spot in which to rear his family. By the time the females, or cows, arrive, the males are ready to court them and welcome them with roars which can be heard far out at sea.

A bull seal is like some Oriental rulers. Each male has a number of "wives," which are known as a harem. A particularly strong bull may have as many as one hundred wives. The average number, however, is about forty.

Soon after the arrival of the cows on the islands, the jet-black, blue-eyed seal pups are born. These youngsters are the result of matings of the previous year. Each mother knows instinctively which pup is hers, and will have nothing to do with an orphan, which will die because no female will adopt it and feed it.

A mother seal has to leave her pup to feed at sea. Sometimes she swims as far away as

Babies Wear Fur Coats!

BY WILL BARKER
Author and Naturalist

150 miles. She is often gone anywhere from 5 to 7 days. At sea she feeds on squids, her favorite food, sometimes diving to a depth of 240 feet to get them, or catch such fish as cod, herring, or salmon. Once her appetite is satisfied, the mother seal returns to the rookery in which she has left her pup. She is able to pick out her own pup from the thousands of newly born pups in the various nurseries scattered throughout the rookery, the name for the breeding ground of animals or birds which live in groups.

At birth a seal pup weighs about 12 pounds and has a coat of thin, bluish-black hair. During the first few weeks of its life the little animal nestles close to its mother for warmth and protection. Some pups die from exposure while the mother is away feeding. In 6 or 7 weeks a pup acquires a silvery coat with a dense underfur and becomes fat as a butter ball as a result of constant feeding.

As soon as it is strong enough a baby seal learns to swim. During their first trips into the surf around the Pribilofs, numbers of baby seals drown. But in time most of the little animals master the art of keeping afloat and propelling themselves through the water. They play along the rocky edges of the islands and practice swimming in sheltered coves.

Sometimes a young seal ducks another—not a good thing to do while in swimming as most of us know! As they become better swimmers the pups venture farther and farther from shore. And by the time the winter sweeps down from the North they are ready to leave the islands.

At the first sign of cold weather all the seals, except the older bulls, leave their summer home. The first to depart swim south from the Bering Sea into the vast Pacific Ocean. Most of each year's young stay at sea for 2 years. During this time many seals are the victims of the killer whale. Known as "the tiger of the sea," the killer whale grows to a

Photos by V. B. Scheffer, Fish and Wild Life Service



A fur seal harem (mother seals), with their young, on St. Paul Island, Alaska.

length of 20 to 30 feet, and has wide jaws and great rows of long, sharp teeth. This marine monster is the greatest enemy of the fur seal at sea.

The last of the seals to leave the Pribilofs are the older bulls. These animals do not migrate south like the other members of the herd. Apparently the older bulls winter in northern waters along the Gulf of Alaska. When the last seal has left the herd's summer home, none of them is seen again on land until the following year. Usually the animals are not seen at sea either, until they make their appearance at the beginning of the year. Then they are far out at sea off the coast of California on their way north.

Once the Alaska fur seals were not so abundant as they now are. In 1911 there were only about 120,000, instead of the millions in days-gone-by. Uncontrolled slaughter of the seals for years was responsible for the few remaining animals. Today the fur-seal herd, under the management of the Fish and Wildlife Service, is approaching its peak. And it looks as if the Alaska fur seal, the only fur-coated seal in Alaska's waters, will always be a part of the sea life in the area of the Pribilof Islands.

The Alaska fur seal is an eared seal, whose upper parts are black and whose under parts are reddish brown. The shoulders and neck are gray. On the upper lip is a mustache of yellowish-white and gray bristles. When swimming the Alaska fur seal carries its head high

out of the water, and if you can get close enough to one, you can see this mustache.

A male seal averages about 6 feet in length and weighs anywhere from 300 to 500 pounds. Sometimes a male tips the scales at 700 pounds. A female is a lot smaller and has gray fur over the back. When on land these seals are the most active of all seals. In addition to the fur seal, there are the Pacific harbor seal, the ringed seal, the ribbon seal, and the bearded seal in Alaska's waters. All these seals are hair seals.

Seals are the staff of life for the Eskimos of the far North. Only Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians are permitted to take fur seals by killing the animals at sea. No one else may hunt these animals, whose coats make them so valuable to the United States and Canada. These two countries have an agreement for the protection of the fur seal and for the harvesting of the pelts of the animal, whose scientific name, *Callorhinus*, means "the thick-skinned, nosed one."

Since the United States bought Alaska from the Russians in 1867 for \$7,200,000, the value of the furs taken from the Pribilof Islands has amounted to many times the purchase price. Thus the water babies which summer on Pribilofs each year have a far greater value than the sea lion—the circus performer which plays "Yankee Doodle" on a set of horns. Remember that the next time you see one of these circus animals that it is a sea lion and not a seal, a water baby with a fur coat.



Litterbugs and Litterbags

A Litterbug Campaign by pupils of Pine Grove School, a rural school in Merrill, Wisconsin, made the whole community "litter conscious" and aroused support from newspapers, the local radio station, and clubs and service organizations. Mrs. Hildegard Engel, teacher at Pine Grove, tells about the campaign.

THE PUPILS of Pine Grove School in Merrill, Wisconsin, belong to Junior Red Cross and take part in various kinds of community service. One of the most valued projects of this kind was a Litterbug Campaign carried on in our community.

The children launched the campaign by drawing posters on "Keep Wisconsin Clean," and "Don't Be a Litterbug—Use a Litterbag." These were placed in the school, in store windows, and in public buildings. In connection with their conservation activities the pupils put out a newspaper entitled **Trail Tracks**, which reported their anti-litter campaign.

An exhibit of all conservation activities was made, and parents and citizens were invited to an "open house." Over a hundred people visited our little rural school and learned about conservation. The pupils explained their program of keeping roadsides clean, also explained maps which showed all scenic places in the county and state. Each visitor was given a litterbag for his car.

The pupils also made outdoor signs to encourage cleaner roadsides, and during the summer two pupils, Peter Engel and Richard Bussman, volunteered to keep clean and tidy a local roadside area and picnic table.

The project gained community-wide support and interest when the newspapers carried pictures, stories, and an editorial. In the fall the school had a display at the Lin-



Pine Grove School pupils, Merrill, Wis., exhibit conservation posters.

coln County Fair for which the school received a special award from the local sportsmen's club. Then later the pupils put on a program explaining their project for the Lincoln County Sportsman's Club.

Following is one of the stories the pupils wrote for their bulletin, **Trail Tracks**:

"We have a conservation club that meets every Friday afternoon. We call it the Trail-hitter's Club. At the meetings we have been making litterbags to put in our family cars. In these bags we will place all the gum wrappers, paddle pop sticks, and paper sacks that might be thrown out of the car window as we drive along.

"We want to keep our state clean. We want to help you to help us. We would like to present you with a litterbag, too. They are on display in our conservation corner. Come and get one."



THE GINGERBREAD



MISS WICKET was a little old lady who lived in a small white house with hollyhocks and delphinium growing in the yard. She lived all alone except for the company of her cat, Plato, and she was quite contented.

All her life Miss Wicket had longed to live in the country in a neat white house, with flowers in the front yard. For years and years she had lived in the city in other people's houses, and through those years she had dreamed of a house of her own. "A little white house," she told herself, "And a cat for company." Now at last her wish had come true. She had saved her money for years and years, and bought this little house. Once that was done, she found a cat—Plato.

When the hollyhocks and delphinium were only seeds in the ground, Plato had been

BY ELEANOR FRANCES LATTIMORE

Illustrated by Dagmar Wilson



HOUSE

a small black kitten. Now he was a full-grown cat with a fine set of whiskers. His fur was as sleek as the black plush of Miss Wicket's best coat.

One summer day Miss Wicket baked a pan of gingerbread, of which she was very fond. Next she swept her house, and when that was done she went out to sweep her front steps, followed by Plato. Miss Wicket's black dress was touched up with a pretty white apron, and her hair was pinned in a tidy knob at the back of her head.

All of Miss Wicket's dresses were black, for when she had lived in the city in other people's houses she had always worn black. She was used to black dresses and white aprons, though she kept telling herself that someday she would walk to the village and buy a gay, flowered print.

As she swept her front steps, which already looked spotless, a troop of children came along the road. Some were running, some were walking, while others dawdled, stooping to pull up a grass blade or a flower. The road led from the village past Miss Wicket's gate and went on to the woods. It was plain to see that the children were going berrying, for each child carried a basket or a little tin pail.

"What nice looking children," thought Miss Wicket, and she stopped sweeping to watch them go by. She was fond of children, though they never came into her house. It was a pity, since she had baked that good gingerbread.

"Good morning," said Miss Wicket, as the children scurried by, all except two of the dawdlers.

The children made no answer. Off they ran, and when they had reached the shade of the woods, they whispered together. "Who is that lady?" asked one little girl.

"Don't you know?" said another. "That is old Miss Wicket, and she lives by herself."

"Old Miss Witch," said the biggest boy. "Wicket Witch. Didn't you see her broomstick and her big black cat?"

"A witch," whispered the smallest girl, with her eyes as big as saucers.

For a moment the children stood hushed and quiet in the woods, forgetting that they had come to look for berries. They were all thinking of the black-dressed lady and her sleek black cat.

Meanwhile the two dawdlers had just come up to Miss Wicket's gate. They were a boy named Johnny, and his little sister Gretchen. They paused to admire the big black cat, who arched his back and purred. They paused a moment longer to sniff the delicious smell of gingerbread, floating out through the front door.

Miss Wicket smiled. Johnny and Gretchen smiled back. They did not see a witch, but a nice old lady. When Miss Wicket said, "Won't you come in and taste my gingerbread?" Johnny and Gretchen did not hesi-

tate at all. A little shyly, hand in hand, they walked through the gate and up the steps of Miss Wicket's house. Plato followed at their heels. Miss Wicket shut the door. "Welcome to my little house, children," she said.

Never had Johnny and Gretchen tasted such good gingerbread as Miss Wicket served them, fresh from the oven. Never had they seen a house quite so cozy and clean as this small white one of Miss Wicket's.

As for Miss Wicket, she never had met such well-behaved children as brown-haired Johnny and pigtailed Gretchen. They chattered together, the three of them, and fed scraps to the cat, and the children would have stayed longer if shouts had not come from the road.

"Johnny!"

"Gretchen!"

There stood the other children, who had come back to look for the two who had been left behind. They clutched each other's hands, and their eyes grew big with fright when first Johnny's face and then Gretchen's appeared at the window.

"Miss Witch has caught them," said the biggest boy.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sobbed the smallest girl.

Johnny looked at Gretchen. Gretchen looked at Johnny. They turned away from the window, feeling very alarmed. But there was no witch in the house. There was only Miss Wicket; and though Miss Wicket's hands were trembling, she managed to smile. "I quite understand," she said. "Miss Wicket—Miss Witch. And I have a broomstick and a cat. No wonder the children were frightened."

"But I'm not frightened," said Johnny.

"Neither am I," said Gretchen.

They opened the door and called to their friends who were lingering outside. "She is not a witch. She's a very nice lady—and you are rude," said Johnny.

"She is not a witch," said Gretchen. She lifted up Plato, and added, "This is not a witch's cat, either."

Their playmates hesitated. Then they began to smile, and their smiles were for Miss Wicket, who stood behind Johnny and Gretchen. Witches were only in story books! How foolish they had been! Just in time they remembered their manners, and murmured, "Good morning."

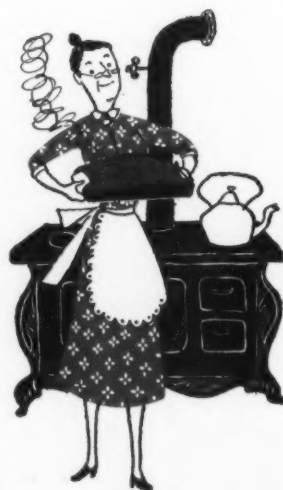
"Good morning," said Miss Wicket briskly. "Now if you are all hungry, you may come in and eat gingerbread. There is plenty left."

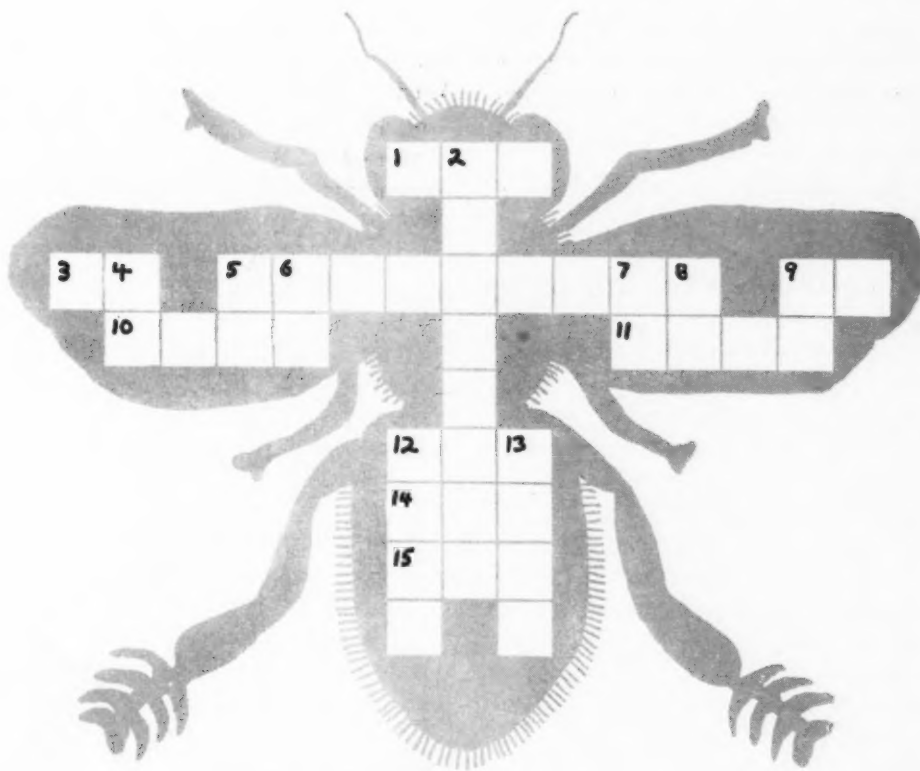
From that day on the village children all knew Miss Wicket, and often stopped to see her when they were passing by. They called her house, "The Gingerbread House," for she almost always had gingerbread or something equally good just out of the oven.

Miss Wicket and her cat Plato were quite contented. They were company for each other, but they were not alone. For the children came to visit them, and brought their mothers, too. The children picked flowers in the yard, while their mothers rocked and knitted and exchanged bits of news with Miss Wicket.

It was pleasant living in the country, Miss Wicket thought; pleasanter far than she had dreamed it would be. She never wore black again. No indeed. She hurried off to the village, and bought herself the gayest of flowered print dresses.

THE END





Busy Little Bee

Quite a few of the words in this puzzle by Boris Randolph relate to the picture above. You shouldn't have too much trouble finding a bee line to the answers!
Answers are on page 26.

ACROSS

- 1 What a bee makes its comb out of
- 3 Preposition
- 5 What this bee is one of
- 9 Hello
- 10 Buzzes, like the bee shown here
- 11 The home of a bee
- 12 A meadow, where bees are found
- 14 Vase for the ashes of the dead
- 15 Got together

DOWN

- 2 One place or another where a bee is found
- 4 State (abbr.)
- 5 Her Majesty (the queen of bees, abbr.)
- 6 Bone
- 7 Exclamation of inquiry
- 8 Musical note
- 9 What a drone bee is
- 12 What the sting of a bee will form on your skin
- 13 One who is against something



The crowd roared with laughter when Eustace squirted water from his trunk on the clowns' car.

The Elephant Who Couldn't

By FLOYD ANDERSON

2500

THE ELEPHANT who couldn't what, everyone asks. Couldn't remember, of course, because everyone knows that elephants never forget.

But not Eustace. Eustace the elephant couldn't remember. He was a trained performing elephant in the circus. With six

other elephants, he would parade around the circus ring, doing tricks.

When the elephants' turn to perform would come, Eustace would come in with the other elephants—but then halfway through the act, it would happen!

The band would be playing a marching

song, and the elephants would go around in a circle, each holding the tail of the elephant ahead of him.

Then all of a sudden Eustace would forget all about the trick and think about the music. Then he would get out of the circle, walk slowly over to the band stand and, swinging his trunk back and forth in time with the music, look as though he were leading the band.

The people watching the circus would laugh and applaud. But the other elephants didn't like it, because it broke up their act; the circus band didn't like it because they thought it spoiled their music; and especially Mr. Froggle didn't like it.

And that was important, because Mr. Froggle was the ringmaster. He was the man with the top hat, and the whip, and the waxed mustache, who directed all the circus acts.

And Mr. Froggle also owned the circus.

One day he warned Eustace. "Break up the elephant act once more, Eustace," he

said, "and I'll sell you to a zoo! No more train rides, no more marching in parades—just walking around a little yard in a zoo! Then you'll be sorry you broke up our act!"

And Eustace hung his head and said he was sorry and that he wouldn't do it again.

Mr. Froggle was very stern. "Remember," he told Eustace, "Once more—and out you go."

The other elephants warned Eustace too. "You've got to remember, Eustace," they said. "All elephants can remember. Why can't you?"

Eustace couldn't explain why he couldn't remember. He just couldn't. But he said he would try. And he did.

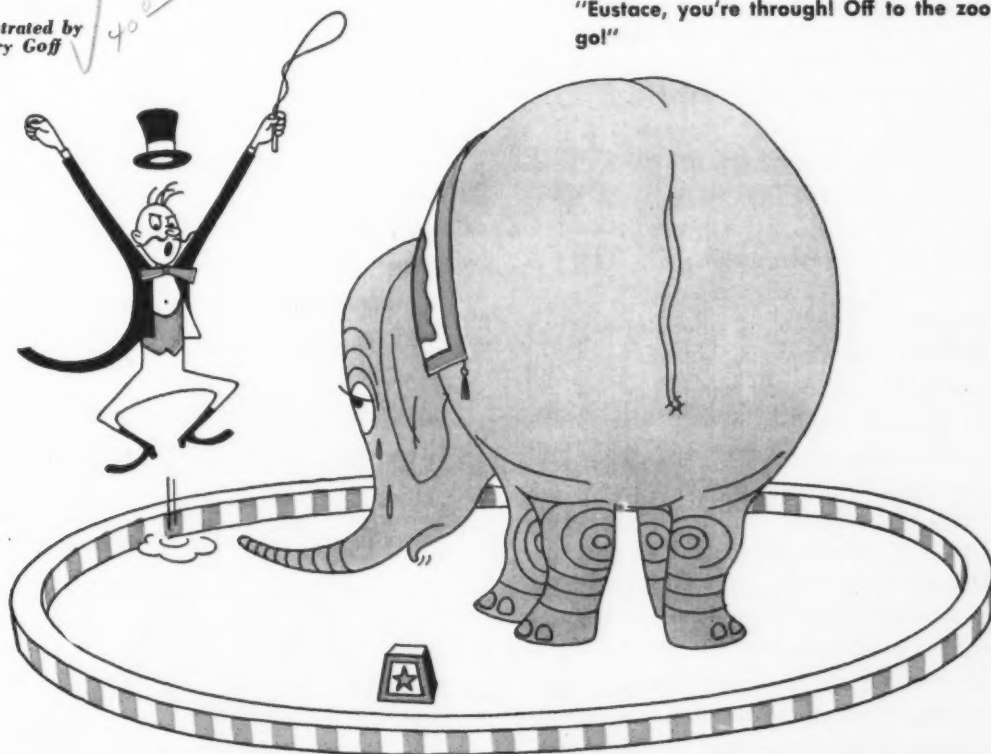
For two whole days he remembered. But for only two whole days.

On the third day, it happened.

The elephants were going in a circle in the circus ring, each holding the tail of the one in front of him. Then the clowns came in, blowing horns, dancing down in front

Mr. Froggle jumped up and down in rage. "Eustace, you're through! Off to the zoo you go!"

Illustrated by
Harry Goff



of the audience. And Eustace saw and heard them.

That was enough. Eustace forgot all about the other elephants, all about his promises, even all about Mr. Froggle. Away he went to join the clowns. He half ran, half danced over to where the clowns were, and the people roared to see him jiggling there.

One clown came along with a bunch of balloons, and Eustace blew on them through his trunk—and the balloons jerked out of the clown's hand, and went bouncing among the people watching the circus.

How the people laughed at the elephant, because they thought he was part of the act. And the clowns laughed too, because Eustace was really very funny.

But Mr. Froggle didn't think so. He cracked and snapped his whip, but Eustace didn't hear it. He was too busy squirting water on a make-believe fire the clowns had started on their bouncy, crazy-acting car.

Eustace had the grandest time, and the more the people laughed, the funnier he got; and the funnier he got, the more tricks the clowns showed him to do. And Eustace was having the time of his life—until he came off with the clowns—and there was Mr. Froggle!

Mr. Froggle was very, very angry. His mustache stood straight up, he was so mad. And he kept hitting his shiny black boots with his whip.

He glared at Eustace, and said: "Eustace, you're through! Off to the zoo you go!"

Poor Eustace! He had been having so much fun, and had been enjoying himself so much, that he had forgotten all about his promise to Mr. Froggle, and especially about Mr. Froggle's promise to Eustace—that he would go to the zoo if he didn't remember.

Eustace remembered all that now, when it was too late. His head was almost down to the ground, he felt so badly. He looked up at Mr. Froggle—but he could see it was no use pleading with him.

Eustace could see himself in the city zoo, just walking around—no parades, no bands, no excitement of clowns and acrobats and

tightrope walkers. Eustace felt so badly, so sorry, that two huge tears rolled down his cheeks.

But then Ziggy, the head clown, spoke up. "Mr. Froggle," he said, "listen to that crowd roar for Eustace!"

The crowd was cheering and clapping and yelling for Eustace.

"Think what that means," he said. "People will come for miles around to see the clown elephant! You'll have the most famous circus in the country!"

The frown came off Mr. Froggle's face as he listened to the crowd cheer, because he knew that Ziggy was right.

"Well, all right," he said slowly, "but you'll have to take care of Eustace and keep him in your act."

"Wonderful!" cried Ziggy.

And Eustace felt wonderful too, so wonderful that he lifted up Ziggy with his trunk, put him on top of his head, and danced all around the circus ring—and the people cheered even louder.

Even Mr. Froggle was happy, because he didn't have to worry about Eustace any more—and because he knew people would come from all over to see his wonderful clown elephant.

But Eustace was happiest of all, because he could stay with the circus, even if he couldn't remember.

THE END

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 23



1881

75th Birthday 1956

If your JRC council plans for an observance of the 75th birthday of the American Red Cross, you may want to have a quiz program, using these questions and answers.



Who was the founder of the American Red Cross?

Read the story on page 4 and you will find her name.



Besides giving service to the armed forces, what is another important Red Cross service?

You will find a hint if you look on page 6.



How many other service programs of the Red Cross can you name?

The 10 major programs are: armed forces, veterans, disaster, blood, nursing, first aid, water safety, community, international, and Junior Red Cross.



Who is Honorary Chairman of the American Red Cross?

The President of the United States is always the Honorary Chairman.



What is the name of the international organization to which 74 countries belong?

The League of Red Cross Societies, with its headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland.



Where does the Red Cross get money to carry on its work?

Money is given by the people of the United States.



What can boys and girls do to help the Red Cross?

They can enroll in the Junior Red Cross, which was founded Sept. 15, 1917 by President Woodrow Wilson, and can do many services for others through their school activities.

It is not in its past that the glories or the benefits of the Red Cross lie, but in the possibilities it has created for the future.

—CLARA BARTON

75TH ANNIVERSARY • AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS



